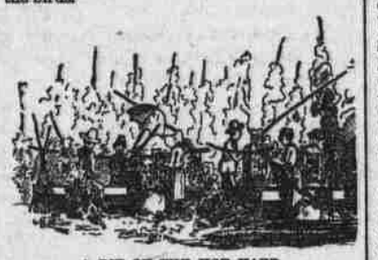
HOP PICKING.

A VAGRANT ART STUDENT'S SKETCHES IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Interesting Notes Among the Hop Growers—Picking, Bleaching and Drying. The Hardships of the Day, and the Dance on the Old Barn Floor at Night.

O phase of country life appeals more strongly to the artist than hop picking. Even the yard is attractive. Here are long rows of poles, each bearing sturdily its burden of twisting, climbing vines, and each row repeated again and again, until the eye loses itself in the distance and sees only a mass of quiet green. And what a wanton growth it is! The pushing, eager plants climb those poles to the very top, and then, dropping from their own weight, swing their slender tips helplessly in the air, or seizing upon some neighbor that has incautiously leaned that way crawl over it in a wild tangle of hop and leaf and curling tendril.

The pickers work at bins scattered in irregular rows through the yard, and pleasing poses, bright bits of color and pretty groupings are varied and artistic as one could wish. These bins are built of rough pine boards, and have huge "pockets" of sacking. They are strong, yet light enough to be easily carried by two persons. A "ridge pole" laid along the bin from end to end supports the poles while their feathery load is tumbled noiselessly into the pockets. Three persons, as a rule, work at one bin, and there is many a quaint study among these oddly assorted trios. The help is not all "local." There is too much work on hand to make this a neighborhood affair, and pickers come from all the surrounding country and even from distant towns. So it happens that among them are misses from boarding school, clerks off for a holiday, and people who enjoy the life in a hop yard and come mainly for exercise and recreation. Noise and gayety abound. Children laugh and cry alternately; mothers scold, work and gossip with equal facility; there are shrill cries for hops, the continuous hum of conversation and the rattle of poles. Often a fragment of song, lightly caroled by some happy girl, will be caught up by her companions and grow in volume till the whole yard echoes the refrain. In the evening there is singing at the farm house, but the singers there feel restraint, and their song loses the freedom that comes with the sunshine and the birds.



A BIT OF THE HOP YARD.

Picking hops is not a pastime by any means. It is downright hard work. For those unaccustomed to exposure this outdoor life has much discomfort. In the morning the vines and poles are wet with rain and dew. Soon the heat becomes oppressive, and wraps that were so comfortable an hour ago are hung on the bins, to be used again later in the day. There are myriads of hop lice, too; dirt and stain, aching heads and tired arms; faces tan under the scorching sun, and tender fingers bleed from contact with the rough vines. Still, the occupation is a help toward that which we are all seeking—a livelihood.

This article was not written to describe in detail the raising of hops, nor to call special attention to that industry. It is merely a collection of notes made by a vagrant art student during a visit to the hop yards in the picking season. The valley described, half hidden among the hills of western New York, is probably a fair sample of other hop-growing portions of the state, and its exact location is a matter of little importance.

At 12 o'clock pickers stop work for dinner and a little [illegible]. Those from a distance board at the farm house and go to their meals when the bells ring. In the yards, where local help is employed, there is usually a rough shanty, where tea and coffee are served and the contents of the dinner pails enjoyed in a picnic fashion, quite in keeping with the surroundings.

TAKING IT EASY.

In every yard men are employed to measure the hops and put them in sacks for transportation to the day house. When the measurer appears with his basket the pickers begin a hasty examination of their bins and hurriedly remove all leaves and rubbish. Then the pickers receive tickets denoting the number of bushels picked, the hops are taken from the yard to the dry house and there dried, then pressed into bales for shipment. The dry house is usually a roomy structure, containing kilns for drying, a storage loft, and a space underneath for the press. The fires are kept going night and day while the picking lasts, for hops require about fourteen hours of drying, and they must be put on the kiln as soon as possible after they come from the field. They are first spread evenly over the floor of the kiln and bleached by burning sulphur in the furnace room beneath. After the bleaching the heat is increased, and the remainder of the night is passed in watching the fires, with occasional visits to the loft to note the condition of the kilns.

The people in this quiet valley are unaffected, straightforward and thoroughly in earnest. Industry is with them a "saving grace," and they care little for what the world calls progress. What are considered improvements in other hop growing sections find little favor here; they raise hops to-day as their fathers raised them thirty years ago. Of course, there was much innocent flirtation among the young people, and sometimes a genuine courtship. Many young farmers of the neighborhood first met their wives in the hop yard. A pretty woman is not seen at a disadvantage when working at a hop bin. Laughing eyes are just as irresistible when shaded by a gingham bonnet, and a shapely form and graceful movements are as quickly discerned among the tangled vines as elsewhere. A noticeable feature of the social life at this season is the "Hop." These dances are usually in the barn or dry house, and after the picking is well under way they are of almost nightly occurrence. A platform for the use of the musicians and a few plank benches along the sides prepare the old barn floor for the reception of Terpsichore; and the reign of the goddess, despite her rude surroundings, is quite as debonair as though her throne were in the blazing light of a fashionable ball room.

A PICKER'S HUT.

Some owners of hop yards have erected huts for the accommodation of their pickers. Here the families who come from distant towns and villages live during the hop picking, and it is an odd sight to come upon these quarters in the evening, when the smoke wreaths are curling up from the chimney and children play about the open door. Strange stories are told of depopulated hen roosts and empty pork barrels in the vicinity of these humble dwellings, and no doubt many of the pickers do try to make their brief sojourn in the hop country as profitable as possible.

The hop plant was introduced into the North American colonies early in their history. It was cultivated in New Netherlands in the year 1629, and in Virginia in 1648. Two hundred years later the raising of hops had become an established industry, and the census report for the year 1840 gives 6,000 bales as the crop of the United States. The cultivation of hops is confined to a comparatively small area. Over four-fifths of the crop raised in the United States is grown in New York.

C. HILLS WARREN.

THE PERFECTIONISTS.

Portrait of Mrs. J. B. Martin, Who Is Said to Be a Divinity.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 3.—A curious religious frenzy has pervaded certain circles in Ohio for the past fourteen years, or ever since the crusade which was inaugurated about that time, when bands of women went about praying in the saloons. This enthusiasm has gone on intensifying until now the matter has assumed such strange importance as to be regarded as a serious phenomenon. About thirty persons, men and women, have abandoned the churches and formed an esoteric band, whose inner mysteries have not been divulged to the world. All these people are far above the average in intelligence and social position. One of them is the widow of an ex-member of congress and a territorial judge of Kansas appointed by Buchanan. Another is the wife of an ex-judge of a court in Cincinnati. Several are girls barely out of their teens. Men of means, engaged in business, and some mere boys have joined the band. Some have sacrificed their occupations to join it, and are depending upon the Lord to provide for them. Meetings are held in a beautiful home on Walnut Hills, owned by a man and his wife, who are members.

Several years ago a series of holiness meetings was started at the Loveland camp grounds. They were for converted Christians, and their purpose was to attain a state of sinless Christian life. Dr. Leonard, the noted Prohibitionist, and the "boy preacher," delivered sermons on the subject of holiness.

The outcome of it all has been that Mrs. J. B. Martin professes to have reached that state of perfection wherein it is impossible for her to die. Her followers, who number about thirty, regard her as Christ manifested in the flesh in His second advent into the world. It has never been asserted that she herself lays claim to anything of the kind. It is also said that they regarded her sister as the earthly embodiment of the Holy Spirit. To these two persons they render a homage as to supernatural beings. They believe that the millennium is about to begin on earth. Yet their meetings are reserved for those only who, having become dead to the world, are born again into a new life of perfect holiness.

MRS. MARTIN.

Your correspondent and artist called on Mrs. Martin to secure a photograph of the "Divinity," but it transpired that she was pledged not to give her portrait to the press, nor would she even show one of her photographs. She treated your correspondent with the most extreme courtesy, and while engaged in conversation with him your artist secured the accompanying sketch. It will be easily recognized by any of her acquaintances, and would be a surprise to herself, only that we explain here how we obtained it.

Mrs. Martin is a most fascinating conversationist. She is a small person, dresses neatly, and would never be accused by a newspaper man of possessing any privileges not accorded to the rest of mortals. She never claimed divinity only in mortality, and she denies all the charges of previous immorality which some papers bring against her.

ROBINSON.

THOMAS COGSWELL,

Democratic Candidate for Governor of New Hampshire.

Capt. Cogswell, the Democratic nominee for governor of New Hampshire, was born in that state forty-five years ago. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1863, immediately entered the army and was promoted captain of his company within a year. After the war he studied law, and has practiced it since his admission to the bar in 1866.

THOMAS COGSWELL.

He was elected a representative to the general court in 1871-72, overcoming a Republican majority of 60 in his town, Gilmanton, and was the Democratic speaker of the house in 1872, and elected a state senator in 1878. Capt. Cogswell was chairman of the board of selectmen in 1880-81-82. In 1884 he was elected solicitor of Belknap county. He is now engaged in agricultural pursuits and in the management of his large landed estate.

London engineers say that, as a matter of theory, it is possible to make steamers to run forty knots an hour and cross the Atlantic in three days. But the vessel could only carry passengers.

THE DOCTOR'S COURTSHIP.

'My dear fellow,' said Bartley, 'you can no more afford such a wife than you can afford a steam yacht or an ivory mounted billiard table.'

'There's no occasion to tell me that,' mournfully replied Dr. Dale. 'I'm quite aware of it already. If I was rich I'd marry Miss Clarke to-morrow—always providing that she thought me worthy of acceptance; but I am only a struggling young doctor. I'll do my best to keep away from her fascinations in the future.

'A sensible decision,' observed Bartley.

'But she is so pretty!' yearningly remarked Dr. Dale.

'Stick to your colors, man!' cried Bartley. 'Clissy Clarke is nothing on earth but a society belle. What you want is a helpful, willing, working bee for a wife—one that can aid you with heart and hand to climb life's hill. You saw Miss Clarke at the Winfield masquerade last night in white satin and pearls?'

'And very beautiful she looked,' cried the young physician, firing suddenly up at the recollection of Miss Clarke's auburn hair, all twisted with ropes of seed pearl, and violet blue eyes, sparkling with a girlish animation.

'Did she look like a poor man's wife?'

'No,' hesitatingly.

He recollected, now, that he had said something to Clissy about going to the Clarke cottage that day.

'It won't do,' he said to himself. 'I had better keep away."

And so, instead of following the dearest inclination of his heart, he betook himself, with Spartan resolve, to the public library.

'I'll read up that case on the investigation of cholera microbes, he thought. 'If a man expects to make any mark in his profession he must keep posted up in these modern discoveries of science.'

So he disappeared in one of the alcoves of the library with the medical quarto and his memorandum book, and set to work in good earnest.

But he had not fairly entered into the microbe question when the twitter of sweet girl voices from the adjoining alcove struck upon his ear.

'Oh, Clissy Clarke!' said one. 'I called for her and she wouldn't come. It was baking-day, and there was Clissy up to her elbows in flour and spices.'

'Well, I never!' said the other, with a giggle.

'Oh, she does all the housework!' said the first speaker, scornfully, 'like any hired servant. Even the fine washing—they only keep one little bound girl—and Mr. Clarke doesn't wear a shirt unless Clissy has ironed it.'

'How does she find time for her music and oil painting?' asked a second.

'Oh, she rises at dawn. She says the best time of the working day is before breakfast. She finishes the housework, sews for the family—'

'Makes all her own dresses, don't she?'

'Yes, and her mother's too! That satin dress she wore at the party last night was her grandmother's bridal gown made over, and the pearls were borrowed from Miss Layton. It doesn't cost her anything to dress. She'll take the horridest old affair, remodel it with a scrap of ribbon or a panel of velvet until you'd think it was made by a French dressmaker. I declare I wish I had her knack. Papa is always grumbling about my bills. But that ain't all. Do you know she gives Bessie Layton music lessons and earns quite a nice little income for herself? And she writes book reviews and things for the newspapers, and keeps Mr. Clarke in books that way.'

'Dear me!' said the other, with a yawn, 'who at the party last night would think of it?'

'Humph!' remarked the other, 'she'll live and die an old maid, see if she don't. Such girls always do. Come, here are our novels at last. Let's go.'

The perfumed silken flounces rustled out of the library; the sound of chattering voices died away and still Dr. Dale sat with his pencil in hand, staring down at his memorandum book. It seemed that the gloomy veil which had dropped between him and his future life was lifted. In his heart he could have blessed the angel tongues of those idle, gossiping girls.

Clissy, then, was no mere butterfly, but a true, noble hearted working girl!

He carried back the ponderous medical tome to the assistant librarian.

'Much obliged,' he remarked, succinctly.

'Got through with it pretty quick, haven't you?' said the assistant librarian.

'Yes, I have had very good luck this morning,' said the doctor cheerfully.

He went straightway to the cottage on the outskirts of the village, where Clarissa Clarke lived. An apple cheeked little brother came to the door to answer the knock.

'Yes. Clissy's at home,' said he. 'But she's fixing chicken for papa's dinner. And then she's got my trousers to mend. Clissy can't come up stairs.' But Dr. Dale laughingly pushed his way across the threshold.

'I'll come in and wait,' said he.

In five minutes Clissy came in, looking even prettier, if it were a possible thing, in her calico morning dress than she had in the white satin and pearls the evening before.

How he happened to speak out the dearest wish of his heart Dr. Dale never quite knew. He had prepared a form of words on the way, but they had vanished utterly out of his mind when the eventful moment came. He could only remember that she stood before him in all her fresh young beauty, like a human apple-blossom, and that he loved her.

But after he had her hand in his, one arm thrown caressingly around her waist, he told her of the morning occurrence.

'Until then dearest,' he said, 'I looked upon you as a sort of unattainable luxury—a star to be worshiped afar off only. I knew I was only a village doctor, with more ambition than practice—for the present at least. But now I feel that I may venture to hope. Will you run the risk of sharing my scanty fortunes, Clissy?'

'Willingly,' she said, looking up into his face, with her frank, blue eyes. 'And, to tell the truth,' she added, smiling a little shyly, 'I am almost glad that you are not a rich man. Because, dear, I shall be so glad, so proud, to help you in my humble way.'

A Penalty Promptly Inflicted.

An insurance man tells a story of a telephone experience in Detroit which has both a serious and a comical aspect. The Burnham wire works at Detroit took fire, and the watchman on duty rang up the telephone lady, who, as in this case made and provided, asked: "What number do you want?"

Watchman. "Give me the fire department, quick."

"Telephone Lad: "What number do you want?"

Watchman: "Oh blank the blank number; give me the fire department. We are all afire. Blank, blank, blank, quick!"

Then, having notified the fire worshipers of the condition of things, he rang up again and asked for the house of one of the principals—the receiver, perhaps—and was informed by the telephone lady that "the service at the Burnham wire works had been discontinued on account of profane language having been used."—*N. Y. Electrical Review.*

A little girl who lives in the Highlands went up to Vermont one summer a few years ago. Contrary to their expectations when they left home, her father and mother took and occupied a small and very scantily furnished farmhouse during the summer. One day the 5-year-old child was rebuked for some misdemeanor, whereupon she put on her philosophical manner and astonished her elders by remarking: "Well, mamma, I don't know how anybody can live religion in such a horrid old house!" Circumstances do have something to do with the case after all. —*Boston Gazette.*

Property for Sale.